

9TH GRADE BOOB BLUES

G.G. PARK

Murdock dumped her
then stuck
two blueberry pancakes
in her locker

and then she cried
when I laughed.

WE ARGUE

and I watch the dog
sniff scratch for ticks
and baby teeth a rawhide bone
slowly to death.

on wet days:
grass long
and clingy,
fog tops
the trees,
pine needles soak
in the blockstone gutters
and smack! smack!
echoes from
the handball courts.

FOG PARK

huge puffs of mist, ground clouds,
a slow motion ghostly avalanche,
tumbling over the grass
into left field.

MRS. McK--

twists her cigarette into the
ashtray until her
mind screws up too,
and she wonders what
she should tell me about Maureen,
her daughter, my sort of ex girl,
next.

CHANGING TIRES

a guy tanner, more muscles,
sitting there, talking with her
while I rotate my tires,
while she talks in her bikini,
even though the evening before
was miserable.

the tires now switched around,
I sit by her, ask her for a walk,
she says okay, I think,
takes a half-hour getting ready,
and we drive to the Tasty Freeze,
and accidentally we bump each other
and accidentally hold hands.

-- R. E. Blaisdell

San Francisco CA

THE MULTI-COLORED COUPLE

At first they were very happy. Everything was rosy. They woke up pink like anyone else. One day the wife realized that nothing they touched had turned to gold. They had one little white car, a tiny orange house. A neighbor had two big black cars with shiny chrome bumpers. The wife turned green with envy. That night, as the sky turned purple, the wife said, "I'm blue." "Why?" asked the tan husband. "Look at what everyone else has. Big shiny cars and summer homes in Greenland. We have only this tiny house and one old rusty car." The husband turned red. "You're right," he said. So they packed everything & went looking for greener grass. After many years of moving from town to town, things grew blacker & blacker. One day the wife said, "Let's move again." The husband, fed up with moving & afraid to try for another job, replied, "No. I will never move again." The wife said, "Then I'll hold my breath until we do." They sat there for days. The husband was yellow, the wife was blue.

THE HUSBAND & THE WIFE

The husband throws himself against the wall. The wife thinks nothing of it. Just yesterday she did the same thing. A splash of Boston fern on the chair beside the swing has her attention. On the left: jade, cactus, philodendron. The wife sticks her finger in